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P O E M S,

TRANSLATED

FROM THE

I T A L I A N

OF

M E T A S T A S I O,

(PRICE ONE SHILLING.)

P. O. M. S.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE



M. E. T. A. S. I. O.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING)

P O E M S,

TRANSLATED

FROM THE

I T A L I A N

O F

M E T A S T A S I O.

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Cestus artemq. repono.

VIRG. ÆN.

C O V E N T R Y:

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THE following translations were written without much knowledge of the Italian language; and, in consequence, the writer may, in many places, have mistaken the meaning of his Author; and, in some, he begs leave to add that he has wilfully misrepresented him. The latter he believes are few, and to the candour of the reader he trusts for his forgiveness in the former. That he shall obtain this indulgence, he is the more ready to promise himself, as he considers his present publication as the relinquishing of a very pleasing study, to which, for reasons of a private nature, he does not mean to return.

CON-

O Thou, whose Power o'er moving worlds prevails,
Whose Voice created, & whose Wisdom guides,
O'er-dar'ring Man with pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.
O'er mine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence & holy rest.
From Thee, Great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,
Pater, memento quida, original & end.

Dr. Johnson.

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E P I-

Farewell, sweet Poesy, whose cheering ray
ould sorrow's gathering clouds for me dispel;

Thou dear companion of my lonely way,
Thou balm of every grief, & every care, farewell;

yet I, if heart-born hopes this breast illumine,
May, when I wake from life's delusive dream,
In realms of peace on high my song resume,
And thou, O Lord, shalt be my everlasting theme.

p 4.

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EPITHALAMIUM, &c.

THE heroic toils and strifes let others sing
Of Atreus' son, or Thebes's warrior King;
Or deeds of Hercules, by fancy feign'd,
Or wreaths of Mars with human blood disdain'd;
Of two fair, constant hearts my song proclaims
The sacred union, and the mutual flames;
And as the muse of thee alone shall tell,
Come, Love, and whisper from the tuneful shell.

Illustrious Dame, with Fortune for thy friend,
Desert and glory on whose steps attend,
With smiles of soft complacency receive,
The myrtle crown thy Poet's fingers weave:
By Time matur'd, I in some future day,
May chaunt thy praises in a loftier lay;
Mean-while be courteous, and the muse shall rise
By these to nobler flights, and learn to reach the skies.

E'en thus the youth, unskill'd the deeps to brave,
Scarce dares at first to touch the chilly wave;
Then, to his breast the upholding corks applied,
He goes to float upon the swelling tide;
Secure in Art, he lifts his smiling face,
And rivals Nature in her finny race;
Then on the banks he leaves the buoying wood,
And leaps exulting in the raging flood.

A

On

On the soft lap of that Arabian ground,
 Which Persia's gulph, and India's ocean bound;
 Where rove Sabeen youths, unvest by toil,
 (For toil is needless on that fruitful soil)
 A mountain rises, which no sultry heat
 Of Summer's suns, nor Winter's storm can beat;
 But gentlest gales, that ever pure remain,
 Play with each spice, or sweep the scented plain.
 There rise in interchange on every side
 The loaded Palms, the Cedar's stately pride,
 The Spikenard, Cinnamon, and odorous reed,
 The bitter myrrh, and trees that incense bleed;
 With all those woods, which on his funeral pyre
 That Bird, himself his offspring and his fire,
 Is wont to heap, when by design he dies,
 And meditates from death in youth to rise.
 Ne'er to these groves their verdant glories fade,
 Nor ax descends to rob them of their shade;
 Here 'neath the yoke no toiling oxen groan,
 Nor heifers fill the vallies with their moan;
 Nor here, with drops fast-falling from their brow,
 Do wearied hirelings urge the goring plough;
 But all, from risk and labour freed, behold
 Thrice in one year their harvests wave with gold.
 By Nature here upon the self same tree
 Do different leaves, and different fruits agree:
 E'en from the elms, as from the vines that cling
 Close to their sides, the purple clusters spring;
 Here is no Winter, and no Summer here,
 But Spring and Autumn rule the varying year;
 Within these heav'nly-favor'd regions blows
 No single flower, but into fruit it grows.
 High on the top a spacious plain extends,
 Round with a wood its shady barrier bends:

What-

Whate'er, of power to charm the soul, is found
 Thro' Earth, lies center'd in this ample bound :
 O'er cooling grottoes hand the fragrant bowers,
 And murmuring rivulets feed the laughing flowers :
 All gentler beasts, and birds of every dye
 Graze on the plains, and fill the harmonious sky.
 Not such those gardens seem'd in ancient days,
 Watch'd by the dragon's never-slumbering gaze ;
 Nor those, which, pendant from the Assyrian's wall
 Of arch on arches, ever seem'd to fall ;
 Nor half so pleasant found the Elysian grove
 That Trojan hero, when these realms above
 He left, descending with the Sybil maid,
 To hold short converse with his father's shade.
 Hard were the task for Reason to declare,
 If Art or Nature form'd a work so fair ;
 Or both conjoin'd ; for both here seem'd to meet
 In Love's embrace, and mix their kisses sweet ;
 Each to the other brought a copious dower,
 Art of his skill, and Nature all her power ;
 Here did design perform but chance's part,
 And what was Nature but resembled Art ;
 That lent materials, nor from thence aspir'd,
 Those this adorn'd, and then from sight retir'd.
 But to the summit of this mount sublime
 Man never went, for man could never climb :
 If ought e'er tries the steep ascent to gain,
 Vain it sets out, and still returns in vain ;
 For that thick wood, whose high-uplifted mound
 Girds the wide plain, and forms a rampart round,
 With such wild mazes puzzles every way,
 That all, who enter there, in endless error stray.
 Such, and so intricate, I deem, of yore
 Stood the fam'd labyrinth on the Cretan shore,

By Dedalus rais'd ; where roaring us'd to rove
 The monstrous produce of Pasiphae's love ;
 And, whence escaping by the guiding clue,
 That Greek, to gratitude and oaths untrue
 Ran from the maid, whose skill himself did save,
 And paid with treachery for the life she gave.
 To these delightful haunts and close retreats
 Venus oft, leaving the celestial seats,
 Retires inconstant, from her spouse afar,
 To hold soft dalliance with the God of War :
 Him whilst she there with pleasing wiles detains,
 A happy prisoner in Love's silken chains,
 Clamour is dumb, revenge and discord cease,
 And the wide universe is hush'd in peace.
 Fair is the sight, when off his breast-plate throws
 The blood stain'd Mars, and, on a bed of rose
 Extended, gazes on immortal charms,
 And sinks to sleep, entranc'd in Beauty's arms :
 While, groups on groups, a thousand winged boys
 Hover around, intent on infant joys ;
 Brandish their little darts a million ways,
 Or wake from dying fires the slumbering blaze.
 Here one his quiver from his breast unties,
 Then on his head the ponderous helmet tries ;
 But, with the hollow casque half cover'd o'er,
 He sinks beneath a weight unfelt before ;
 This thro' the cuishes' double passage walks,
 Or mounts their tops, and like a warrior stalks ;
 This vainly strives the massy spear to wield,
 Or on his naked back to raise the unmeasur'd shield.
 One lifts the wheel he pull'd from Venus' car,
 And to its axle fits the silver star,
 But fits in vain ; the simple fool, so blind,
 Its central ring no longer now can find :

One,

One, whilst his brother sleeps on mild perfumes,
 Stands from his wings to pluck the glossy plumes,
 While one, with finger to his lips applied,
 To silence awes the group, low whispering by his side.
 This 'midst the bay's or laurel's shadier leaves,
 Seeks where the bird her mossy structure weaves;
 This hangs in air, high pois'd on even wing,
 Or leaves his pinions in the crystal spring;
 This lights the torch, this strings the bending steel,
 This points his arrows on the whirling wheel;
 Some run, some walk, some stand, some lie; each burns;
 And Sorrow, Anger, Joy, possess the face by turns.
 Thus amidst Hybla's flowers and balmy trees,
 When Summer comes, her sweetly-toiling Bees,
 Far diverse wandering, every arbour spoil,
 Taste every plant, and rifle every soil;
 This from the lily sips the nectarous dews,
 This with nice skill the waxen fabric glues;
 With pleasing lullabies they wing their way,
 And home return a thousand times a-day.
 It hap'd one morn, that of that archer race,
 Whilst Mars was lock'd in sleep and Love's embrace,
 His sword one stole, and, nought with fears dismay'd,
 High on his shoulder pois'd the shining blade;
 But all too vent'rous; for the unusual weight
 Of that broad mass, for strength, like his, too great,
 So bore him down, whilst struggling to retire,
 That, stumbling, back he fell, and fell upon his fire:
 In that same instant too the luckless sword
 On Mars descended, and his heel so gor'd,
 That from the wound out gush'd a reeking tide,
 Which all the herbs with spots of crimson dy'd:
 He scream'd aloud, and op'd his slumbering eyes,
 Whilst Venus started at the hideous cries;

Love

Love stretch'd his wings to fly, but stretch'd in vain;
 She pull'd him back to punishment and pain.
 His plumes he shakes, and strives on air to climb;
 Mean-while his mother learns the culprit's crime;
 Then beats revengeful, with repeated blow,
 From rods of rose, his limbs of living snow;
 Love speaks in vain, in vain he weeps; she hears
 Nor pleas of right, nor softens at his tears;
 Toil makes at length, her arm the goddess stay;
 He bites his lips, and sulking, walks away:
 But by the stream, which Jove himself ne'er dares
 To adjure in vain, revenge the Indignant swears:
 Mean-while Mars meditates from Love's embrace
 To part, and visit his tumultuous Thrace;
 That Thrace, which, still to barbarous deeds inclin'd,
 Works strife from cups, which Bacchus had design'd
 For mirth and joy; and, at the festal board
 In angry broils untheaths the flaming sword,
 Mars rises, and his limbs arrays in arms,
 Whose havock fills all Nature with alarms:
 Whilst he puts on his mail of iron plait,
 Slaughter and Shame on him, his hand-maids, wait:
 To purple tyrants, as the Godhead treads,
 Their crowns usurp'd, now tremble their heads:
 His eye-ball lightens with such fiery blaze,
 That Venus 'self no more endures to gaze.
 E'en so, when Sirius, like a burning brand,
 Scorches the deserts of Numidian sand,
 The monstrous serpent there, with years oppress,
 Midst rocks and rocks rubs off his sordid vest;
 And, thence in youth renew'd, with fold on fold
 Rears to the sun his scales of glittering gold;
 His fork'd tongue vibrates, and with poisonous breath
 Blasts every herb, and fills the plains with death,

Such

Such Mars appears, as from that face he goes,
 Thro' which from wars this world a respite knows;
 Now, with all thoughts from love and joys afar,
 He sits incumbent on his iron car;
 The groaning axle bends, whilst all the air
 Turns sanguine at his eye-ball's savage glare;
 Forth rush the winds, tempestuous hail deforms
 The darken'd heav'ns and ocean swells with storms.
 Before him Discord flies; and every chain,
 That fastens soul to soul, she cuts in twain;
 Makes strait the path for Madness, that defies
 All ills; and Blasphemy with livid eyes:
 In hand with her goes Vengeance; she, whose frown
 Bids Monarch's shake; whose arm pulls kingdoms down:
 Next follow, Murder with her heart of steel,
 Treachery's dark brow, and Terror's coward heel.
 There too's Ambition, whom herself delights
 Alone; who tramples on each others rights:
 And there lean Envy, she, whose soul perverse
 Her own good seeks not, but another's curse:
 With these goes Death, and cleaves the air before
 With naked sword, all stain'd with clotted gore;
 Behind (chief ministers of human bane)
 Famine and Plague fill up the horrid train.
 Mars rides along, and with him Cupid goes
 Conceal'd, and panting to revenge his woes;
 Arabia's spices, and the vermil main
 They leave behind, and Egypt's fruitful plain;
 But, with what schemes or arts I cannot say,
 Love leads the warrior from his path astray;
 Thus whilst he fancies that to Thrace he bends,
 Far to the left th' unconscious Godhead wends.
 Along the midland sea his thundering car
 He drives, and rides on elemental war;

And

And now he passes by that rocky shore,
 Which once the Cyclops bath'd with human gore;
 Up thro' the streights, where Scylla o'er the waves
 Rears her fell monsters, and for ever raves;
 Then, like an arrow thro' the yielding skies,
 With speed precipitate the chariot flies,
 To where Sebeto on his limpid face,
 Reflects fair Naples, and her blissful race.
 Here Cupid runs before, intent to find
 A maid of princely form, and more than princely mind:
 In her he hides, himself, his darts, and fires,
 And trusts to her the vengeance he desires;
 To her he trusts, as from none else, he knows,
 E'er might he hope to deal such fatal blows;
 And well he saw, tho' love she did despise,
 Love oft had triumph'd from her lustrous eyes:
 Anna was she; bright glory's sparkling gem;
 The wealthier offspring of a generous stem;
 Than whom Sirena, midst her nymphs of fame,
 Boasts not a lovelier, or a worthier name:
 Whether with ease she treads the dancing maze,
 Or looks, or smiles, or talks, or sings, or plays,
 In every gesture bears the love and grace,
 Minerva in her soul, and Venus in her face.
 Near to this maiden sat an envied pair,
 Her reverend father, and, his sweeter care,
 His spouse; both splendid in illustrious birth,
 Nor less renown'd for wisdom and for worth,
 Souls, which first Heav'n had link'd in realms above,
 Then re-united in this world by love;
 And gave such fruit, that ne'er the Sun did see
 A fairer produce, or a nobler tree.
 Now stands the virgin from her warbling tongue
 To pour the tide of harmony along;

And

And as now tremulous, now loud she sings,
 Enamour'd zephyrs rest upon their wings;
 In notes less musical, less mournful strains,
 By latest eve sad Philomel complains,
 When lone retires she to the silent vale,
 There to resume her melancholy tale.
 Her voice, first gathering in her swelling throat,
 Now she puts forth, now holds the lengthening note;
 In rapid fugues the mingled sounds now fly,
 And, part pursuing part, ascend on high;
 And now with mellow tones, that gently fall,
 Soft she descends, now scarcely breathes at all;
 She metes the movements, links them, and disparts,
 While all seems Chance's work, yet all is Art's.
 If thus the Hebrew youth had power to charm,
 Well might he Sorrow of her sting disarm
 For Israel's King, and well might Orpheus quell
 The stone-eyed Furies of enchanted Hell.
 Should Heav'n on me such gifts of song bestow,
 Fearless I'd seek the Stygian caves below,
 Wou'd brave the fiends untam'd with sound before,
 Or raise the walls Amphion rais'd of yore.
 Here Love his plumes composes, as he lies,
 In the sweet motions of her liquid eyes;
 His bow he bends, yet holds the lingering dart,
 And waits the surest passage to the heart;
 Mean-while Mars comes, and turns his sight to gaze;
 No more now Love th' imprison'd arrow slays;
 'Tis gone and felt; as when the steel-tipt reed
 Is scarce dismiss'd, and, lo, the victims bleed!
 When Mars first saw this maiden's face so fair,
 And her loose tress that wanton'd in the air,
 He dream'd that he beheld that Queen, whose smile
 In soft subjection holds the Cyprian Isle:

B

Like

Like Venus did she move, like Venus speak,
 Such were her eyes, and such her dimpled cheek;
 And on that cheek the self same rose did live,
 Save what distinction modest worth could give.
 Mars wondering stands, and throws his lance aside,
 That lance so oft in blood of millions dy'd;
 No more he thinks of slaughter and of arms,
 His native skies, or Citherea's charms;
 No more he burns to heap on slain the slain,
 No more remembers the Bistonian plain;
 Trophies and war no longer he desires,
Her only views he, her alone admires.
 E'en thus the Tiger, when her young to find,
 She leaves the hills and lengthening vales behind,
 Stops in her mid career, and stands to gaze
 On that bright mirror, which the Hunter lays;
 No more she wishes to pursue her flight,
 Drunk with the splendors of excessive light;
 Mean-while the crafty Hunter scours along,
 And steals at once her anger and her young.
 Now Fame a monster, whom the Earth had given,
 After that war by Giants wag'd with Heaven,
 Sister of Cæus, and of those other names,
 Whom Jove hurl'd headlong with avenging flames,
 She, whom nor Time nor Distance can control,
 Her loud tale babbling, roams from pole to pole;
 At first tho' small, yet soon she to the skies
 Lifts her proud head, and mingles truth with lies.
 From Calpe's rocks to Ganges' golden stream,
 By the moon's radiance, or the solar beam,
 In speed advancing, o'er the world she goes,
 Nor ever shuts one eye-lid in repose;
 For eyes a hundred in her wings she bears,
 And in her head a hundred mouths and ears:

What-

What-e'er men do, she marks; then adds her own;
 And scares with lies the Cottage and the Throne.
 To Venus soon the shapeless monster came,
 And told that Mars had found some other flame;
 And as she spake it, still thro' every word
 Nought but confus'd and broken sounds were heard;
 Nor did she stay, but left the Queen to moan,
 And fling her heart with jealousies, alone:
 She learnt that Mars was to herself untrue,
 But where, or yet with whom, she nothing knew.
 With rage she kindles, nor can hence contain
 The furious heat, which throbs in every vein;
 Yet, ignorant where to go, in vain she burns,
 And Love and Vengeance seize the soul by turns;
 Her vermil cheek she rends, and bleeding bares
 Her breast, and lacerates her golden hairs;
 Thus far can Jealousy empoison love,
 E'en in the blest inhabitants above.
 Thou cruel fiend, that rear'st thy serpent crest
 In every bliss, and joy'st to murder rest,
 Thou that dost chill the affections of the heart,
 And bid'st all rapture, and all love depart,
 Say, how should mortals live from thee secure,
 When e'en Celestials must thy griefs endure;
 O Love, drive out this monster from thy train,
 Or cease to wound us with thy pleasing pain.
 Now on her car the maddening Goddess springs,
 And bids her Doves unfurl their silver wings;
 A dubious course, unresting, doth she steer,
 And now to heav'n, now earth approaches near;
 Where the sun sets, or where his splendors rise,
 From world to world, from pole to pole she flies;
 And still she traces Earth thro' all her shores,
 And seeks the God she curses and adores.

No longer gentlest love her heart inspires,
 Or lights her placid eye with amorous fires;
 Rage glows upon her cheek; her trembling hand
 The roseate reins no longer can command:
 From Etna Ceres thus her course begun,
 And from the west unto the rising sun
 Her flight pursued, in hopes to find the maid,
 Whom Dis had hurried to the Stygian shade.
 So wander'd Venus, and so oft return'd,
 Yet found not him, for whom her anger burn'd;
 And now, far-spent with labour and with heat,
 Her Doves the air with flagging pinions beat;
 While borne along, as Chance or Fury sway'd
 The guider's hand, at length the chariot stray'd
 To fam'd Germania, and suspended flood,
 Where rolls the Danube his tumultuous flood;
 Here down look'd Venus, and Vienna saw,
 The seat of empire, and the source of law.
 To no rude nation, in no land unknown,
 There brave Augustus fills his dazzling throne;
 Whose wide-spread trophies Earth and Seas around
 Now scarce can compass in their narrow bound;
 Who bids usurpers tremble at his nod,
 Or feel the vengeance of his lifted rod;
 Whom Scythia dreads, whom furthest Ind reveres,
 Admires his wisdom, and his courage fears.
 A youth there Venus from her car descried,
 In bliss reposing at a maiden's side;
 In folds of armour were his limbs array'd,
 And from his belt hung down a shining blade;
 She deem'd it Mars; and instant, where he lay,
 Her Doves, now wearied with their length of way,
 Prone did she drive, and lash'd them oft to see
 With closer search, who might this warrior be.

And

And now approach'd she near, but did not find
 In him the God she pictur'd in her mind;
 This was Antonio, and that virgin Grace,
 The twin-born sharer of his noble race;
His eye flash'd courage, but the Maid's could claim
 A softer radiance, and a sweeter flame;
 She seems for beauty, He for valour born,
 While both, with equal grace, unequal gifts adorn.
 Something still mild his sparkling eye-balls shew,
 E'en in the fierceness of their fiery glow;
 And she with beauty's charm displays combin'd
 A lofty spirit, and a manly mind;
 She can the bolts of idle Love despise,
 Whilst He all dangers and all wars defies.
 Each copies each, and with illustrious strife
 They cast a glory on each other's life.
 Whilst on the youth her eye the Goddess bends,
 No more Love's jealous pang her bosom rends;
 Mars she forgets, and all his proud disdain,
 Held in the bondage of a happier chain;
 And still she fixes her admiring gaze,
 And, where Hate led her, still thro' Love she slays;
 That Love, which raises with capricious power
 Each varying passion in the self-same hour.
 But whilst her thoughts the heroic greatness trace
 Of the maid's virtues in her angel face,
 She feels a something that her breast annoys,
 A something envious that corrupts her joys:
 To each she turns, yet each disturbs her calm,
He of her heart, *she* robs her of her palm;
 E'en thus the mountain oak no respite finds,
 For ever rocking with contending winds.
 Now Love, who pierc'd fair Venus with his dart,
 And keeps his wrongs deep-written in his heart,

That

That Love, who hates that others should control
 The fierceness of his proud, ungovern'd soul,
 With ceaseless flight had reach'd Vienna's gate,
 And now pursuing his revengeful hate,
 To Mars he turns, and to the God reveals
 The wound, which Venus in her bosom feels.
 Faithless tho' *He* with love once more to rest
 Had sell'd the story in his stormy breast,
 Yet soon, resuming his accus'd ire,
 He rose, and kindled like a burning fire;
 For not cold Jealousy, but Anger's flame
 Urg'd on the Godhead to revenge his shame;
 While, still intolerant, his rights abus'd
 He deem'd, if any claim'd what *He* refus'd.
 As when the torrent from the mountain's brow,
 With rain distended and with Winter's snow,
 Tumbling precipitate its roaring tide,
 Fills the rich plains with desolation wide,
 O'erturns the forests and each hut of clay,
 And sweeps the shepherd, and his flocks away;
 E'en so, when first the indignant warrior heard
 Of this new flame, which Venus had prefer'd,
 To her he flew, impatient of his wrong,
 And blasted Nature, as he past along.
 Ister he reach'd (so swiftly did he fly)
 In one quick movement of the glancing eye;
 But Venus saw what will'd the God of war,
 And ken'd his angry coming from afar;
 And much she doubted if 'twere best to try
 Herself in darkness to conceal, or fly;
 Yet still she dreaded that, if found, her wiles
 Could nought avail her, or her amorous smiles:
 But, as she views the threat'ning storm so near,
 Nor hopes of safety in ought else appear,

The

The path which Fate had left her, she pursues,
 And bathes her lovely eyes with Sorrow's pearly dew:
 And now those eyes, with love in grief confess,
 Whose tears descended on her snowy breast,
 Like the Sun shining thro' an April shower,
 A milder beauty own'd, a more attractive power;
 Like *her* the Goddesses seem'd, who Hector's fall
 With constant heart bewail'd on Ilion's wall.
 How much the maiden to her youth endears
 A soft eye, glistening with pellucid tears,
 For me, if ever ye such power did prove,
 Declare, ye firm Idolaters in love;
 I cannot tell; for ne'er sweet Sorrow's grace
 Beheld I, Phillis, on thy heavenly face;
 But sure he's cruel, who his anger keeps,
 Unmov'd by pity, when a virgin weeps.
 And now did Venus, with disorder'd hair,
 And streaming eye-balls, every art prepare;
 Then unbefriended, unsecur'd by arms,
 Save what were yielded by unrival'd charms,
 Fearless she went the warrior's furious rage
 With words to combat, and with tears assuage;
 Illustrious sight! which e'en might Love behold
 With joy and wonder; when, with weakness bold,
 Her war, in nakedness, sad Pity goes
 To wage with anger by defenceless woes.
 "Thus cruel," she begins, (and soft was heard
 A gentle sigh to steal upon each word)
 "Return'st thou, cruel, thus," (and while she spoke
 Convulsive sobs the unfinish'd accents broke)
 "And is this all thy constancy?" (and here
 Her swelling breasts she bath'd with many a tear)
 "Why comes to me, or why not hence returns
 "To her thy foot, for whom thy bosom burns?

"Couldst

" Couldst thou first rob me of my spotless fame,
 " And com'st thou now to insult me with our shame?
 " Yes, yes, I know it well; some other dart
 " Has ras'd mine image from thy treacherous heart;
 " No more am *I* your life, no longer *I*
 " The Venus you desire, your only love and joy.
 " Thus scorn'd and thus deluded must she be,
 " Who trusts her fortunes and ~~and~~ her fame to thee?
 " Is this the great reward your thoughts design
 " For faith so constant and so firm as mine?
 " And hast thou now forgot that I was found
 " With thee, unveil'd, upon the flowery ground,
 " And, snared by Vulcan's toils, for thee was given
 " A jest for Momus, and the laugh of Heaven?
 " Oh! fool! that I should try the seas to sow,
 " Or trust to suns the dissoluble snow;
 " For sure she trusts the suns, and sows the sea,
 " Who hopes returns of constancy from thee!"
 " What constancy," replies the God, " what fire
 " Unquench'd hast thou preserv'd, or faith entire;
 " Deceitful heart, what treachery doth not owe
 " Its guilt to thee; what violated vow?
 " Go, go to Paphos, there display those wiles,
 " And lure Adonis with your flattering smiles;
 " Then post to Xanthus in some new disguise,
 " And gull Anchises with fresh amorous lies.
 " Since first I listened to thy voice, no more
 " I've been that Mars, which I had been before:
 " Thee Heav'n adopted, and produc'd the Sea
 " For nought but torment and disgrace to me:
 " Thro' thee a thousand noble souls aside
 " Have turn'd from glory, and, unnotic'd, dyed:
 " But now I'll take, since I have broke thy snare,
 " On thee sweet vengeance in some other Fair"—

" IF

" If vengeance thou would'st have, thy sword here bend,"
 Replies the Goddess, " and my sorrows end ;
 " Despise me, ruin me, my peace undo,
 " But do not call me to thy love untrue !"
 Nor here did bickering strife and anger cease,
 For still her wailing, and his rage encrease ;
 In wrath the God still rises, and with tears
 The Queen averts the vengeance that she fears.
 E'en so when Boreas, from his iron chain
 Rebellious bursting, howls along the plain,
 Strips from the lofty Pine her foliage gay,
 And tears the Raven and her nest away.
 Still stands the Bull-rush on her marshy shore,
 Nor fears the blustering tyrant or his roar ;
 Her top now this way, and now that she bends,
 And, as she sumps it, sumping she defends.
 But now was Mars with jealous rage so stung,
 And Venus with such bitter anguish wrung,
 That Love, (the cause) who seldom pity knows,
 Began to soften at such depth of woes ;
 His mother's fate he dreads, and grives that *He*,
 Such mischief could not from the first foresee ;
 To heav'n he flies, and calls the immortal Powers,
 To turn the storm, which over Venus lours.
 For this the father of the heavenly race,
 E'en Saturn's self, forgets his leaden pace ;
 And down with him the Ruler of the sky,
 And Bacchus, Phœbus, and Mercurius fly ;
 These follows Juno, with a longer train
 That leaves unpeopled the celestial plain ;
 Vulcan, who else-where at that hour was gone,
 Of all heav'n's host attended not, alone.
 Here some the Godhead with their arts assuage,
 And stem the torrent of impetuous rage ;

C

While

While some with Venus in kind words condole,
 And pour the balm of comfort on her soul;
 Mean-while Love tries to raise his amorous fire,
 And melt the warrior into soft desire :
 Wrath by degrees subsides, and Sorrow dries
 Her watery gems on Beauty's radiant eyes.
 Now Love his father with such heat oppress,
 That Hate receded from his vanquish'd breast :
 And now requires each God that some one go,
 To reconcile to each the offended foe ;
 When Maia's son, on whose mellifluous tongue
 Divinest knowledge and persuasion hung,
 Arose, and, smiling on the jealous Pair,
 His gracious mind thus ventur'd to declare :

“ Celestial Powers ! oh ! wherefore thus the joy
 “ Of souls immortal with such strife destroy ;
 “ In vain would Jealousy dissolve that chain
 “ Of love for you, which hav'nly Fates ordain ;
 “ By you their rounds the eternal Planets keep,
 “ Earth smiles by you, and order rules the Deep ;
 “ If ye contend, no more their courses go
 “ The Stars, and languishes the Earth below.
 “ Without thy Mars, if, Venus, should'st thou burn,
 “ To soft and womanly must Nature turn ;
 “ And without Venus if thou, Mars, should'st reign,
 “ Thy fiery eye would scorch up every plain.
 “ For this decreed the Lord of powers divine,
 “ That both in union should for ever shine :
 “ With wise intent he link'd your souls in love,
 “ That each a barrier unto each might prove.
 “ Oh ! cease from anger and from strife, and know
 “ That first of joys which mutual loves bestow ;
 “ Than this each day, fair Venus, that you live
 “ Find'st thou that Heav'n no greater bliss can give :

“ Ye

" Ye blame yourselves, if ye each other blame,
 " For both were faulty, and your fault the same;
 " If fault it be for amorous souls, like you,
 " To woo such beauty as ye both did woo.
 " Since one alone I love, and there alone
 " My heart I've fixt, where Love had fixt his throne,
 " Tho' on some others I may sometimes gaze,
 " Yet ne'er with these my soul enamour'd stays:
 " If her I prize, whom I had priz'd before,
 " Nor less that Goddess, than I did, adore,
 " Hard should I deem it, if, without disgrace,
 " I might not look upon a beauteous face."

Here smil'd the Lovers, and a murmuring sound
 Was heard of plaudits from the hosts around;
 While Love decreed no longer with his joy
 Should mingle Jealousy her base alloy;
 But with this law, if Man or God denied
 His right to rule him, or his power defied,
 Ne'er should, in vengeance, from that rebel's heart
 The stings of jealousies and grief depart.
 But Venus now, who in her breast begun
 To feel love's ardors, upon Maia's son
 Her sweet eye turning, on whose lid did stand
 A tear, which wiping with her lily hand,
 She thus address'd him: " Well could I resume
 " My wonted calm, and dying fires relume,
 " If Mars, forgetful of his sickly dreams,
 " Would spare the youth, whom he a rival deems.
 " Well do I know what storms Surmise can roll
 " Of rage and madness o'er the Warrior's soul;
 " And oft I've seen what griefs doth he abide,
 " Who sprung unfortunate from Myrrha's side:
 " But yet should Mars his wrath no longer keep,
 " My ancient wrongs shall in oblivion sleep;

" Tho' Prudence bids me fly the treacherous shore,
 " And trust the ocean, when it smiles, no more."

And now was Mars preparing to reply,
 When rose majestic from his throne on high
 The King of Heav'n and Earth, and, with a nod
 That shook the Universe, the warrior God
 To silence aw'd; and thus decreed he fate—
 " No more torment yourselves with jealous hate;
 " No more let Anna and Antonio share
 " Your thoughts divided, but your mutual care.
 " Now, Love, exulting in thy task depart,
 " And pierce fair Anna's and Antonio's heart;
 " And, Hymen, thou, with roses crown'd fulfil
 " The fate of Jove's irrevocable will:
 " No more let each be each, but closely bind
 " Heart unto heart, and rivet mind to mind:
 " One thought in both, in both one passion stir,
 " That *She* may live in *him*, and *He* in *her*.
 " And you, ye jealous Powers, if should ye dare
 " To aim your vengeance at this blessed Pair,
 " Know, this the purpose of your wrath shall foil,
 " *Still on the giver must the blow recoil:*
 " And now I will that Italy should behold
 " The secret counsels, which the Fates unfold,
 " And learn what noble line returns once more
 " To build her hopes upon Sebeto's shore."

He said; and Silence brought a solemn pause,
 Till each his transport witness'd with applause;
 Then swore the Warrior, and the Queen of love
 Their firm allegiance to the will of Jove:
 And now, well-pleas'd, each God return'd again
 To seek his mansion 'midst the starry train;
 Alone with Love did Hymenæus stay,
 Associate in his task, companion on his way.

Not

Not far from where the sea, with ceaseless shock,
 Loud-bellowing dashes upon Malea's rock,
 Gigantic Tenarus his load on high
 Uplifts, and seems to prop th' incumbent sky:
 While, far beneath, the billowy clouds display
 Their sable backs, and melt in forms away;
 Rocks fence the monarch round, and far from land
 The Pilot passing, shews him with his hand.
 All bleak and barren is the mountain's brow,
 While woods, thick woods, involve the base below.
 On one side, shagg'd with oaks, a cavern yawns,
 Which leads to realms, where day-light never dawns:
 There, Fame reports, Alcides durst explore
 His path, and thence his greatest trophy bore;
 There bound he Cerberus with resistless might,
 And dragg'd the hideous monster into light.
 Near where it's jaws expands this cavern wide,
 Down a deep vale, to human step deni'd,
 A wood descends of such a dismal shade,
 That, day there entering, scarce a twilight's made;
 Whilst every eye, unus'd such gloom to bear,
 Can nought distinguish, when it first comes there;
 Clos'd in the horrors of this dead retreat,
 Here sleep has fix'd his solitary seat.
 A crown of poppies on his head he bears,
 And on each foot a double buskin wears,
 And wings upon his back, of duskier brown,
 More soft than eider, or the thistle's down:
 Seldom he wakes, a rod yet holds his hand
 Deep-drench'd in night's oblivious vapours bland:
 The Gales around him sleep; nor bird of day
 E'er breaks his slumbers with mellifluous lay;
 But there alone slow-failing Owls are found
 With Bats to harbour in the spongy ground.

There

There amidst branching elms, and poplars tall,
 And oaks whose umbrage might the soul appal,
 And chilly mandrakes, Dreams unnumber'd range,
 And Shapes fantastic that for ever change;
 And there too might your eyes the forms admire
 Of Centaurs, Sphinxes, and Chimæras dire;
 With all those spectres, which, when Darkness reigns,
 Imagination sees, or Fancy feigns.
 Thither his flight directs with eager joy,
 The nuptial God, and Love's inspiring Boy;
 Arriv'd, they call as with the thunder's clap,
 To wake the Sleeper on Pasithea's lap:
 Their noise he heard, and stretch'd his eye-lids wide
 As e'er he could, and rais'd his head, and tried,
 To speak; but, as he tried, his eyes again
 Were clos'd; and both expected words in vain.
 Now Love, unus'd with patience ought to bear,
 No more endures to waste his labours there;
 But fearing Jove, and restless to complete
 What Jove had order'd and his wish did meet,
 No more he waits to hear what Sleep should say;
 But onward goes, while none contests his way:
 A Dream then takes he from amidst the throng,
 And with him swift to Ister flies along.
 Now for his task himself the Vision shapes,
 And puts on Anna, and her gestures apes;
 So well he mimics her, that Love admires,
 And thinks it her, and tries his amorous fires:
 From head to foot, like Anna did it seem,
 And as she look'd and mov'd, so look'd and mov'd the Dream:
 The diff'rence 'twixt the two *this* only made,
 That one was real, and the other shade.
 And now did Night return, her raven locks
 To hide by day amidst Cimmerian rocks;

The

The severing clouds before Aurora flew,
 And Earth was glistering with her lustrous dew;
 Whilst in the West, where mingled day and night,
 The sky discover'd but a dubious light;
 And still, though Nox her curtain had withdrawn,
 A few pale stars were twinkling o'er the dawn.
 'Twas at this hour, when Hymen and the Dream
 And Love (while slept he) to Antonio came:
 Amaz'd the vision views he, and that shade
 He deems a goddess, not a mortal maid.
 Now all his soul with heat unwonted glows,
 And feels true ardors from fictitious shews;
 Then Love, who saw the flame within his breast,
 To aid the fire, these words to him address:—
 " If chance, enraptur'd, thou desir'st to know
 " Where dwells such beauty in this world below;
 " 'Tis on Sebeto's banks; the lovely Dame
 " Naples still holds; and Anna is her name:
 " Arise, and go, and seek at least the place
 " Where Chance may give thee to behold her face;
 " To great attempts let Courage lead the way,
 " For Fortune never flies, where Valour dares to stay."
 While Cupid thus the maiden's name reveals,
 Round the Youth's heart his filken fetter steals;
 But scarce his words were clos'd, when pass'd the Fair,
 Himself, and Hymen, into empty air:
 So when the curtain o'er the stage descends,
 The picture fades away, and all the prospect ends;
 So Venus to her son, where Carthage rear'd
 Her tow'rs, just shew'd her charms, and disappear'd.
 Still while his thoughts th' imprinted image keep,
 Amaz'd Antonio rises from his sleep;
 Long time he muses on that fairy scene,
 Then walks, and questions what the dream could mean:
At

At length, the fire still kindling in his heart,
 His limbs he clothes, and hastens to depart:
 To Naples, favour'd by the light of day,
 His steps he bends, while Love directs his way.
 Now near and nearer to his hopes he flies,
 And now approaching those love-darting eyes,
 He finds the maid more beauteous to his sight
 Than ought admir'd in visions of the night:
 O Love, how joyful must thou wing thy way,
 To gain the glory of so dear a prey;
 If all thy flames as sweet and pure might prove
 As this thou gav'st, 'twere madness not to love.
 Now round the Pair the nuptial Hymen twines
 His rosy girdle, and their hearts conjoins;
 And, whilst she hangs upon Antonio's side,
 E'en Venus' self attends the lovely bride.
 I see the Graces and each Muse advance,
 And round the virgins lead the festive dance;
 I see the pomps, and hear from every tongue
 The praise of Anna and Antonio sung.
 Live, happy pair, and with ennobling joys
 Deceive each winged moment, as it flies;
 Ne'er may your hearts corroding Care consume,
 Or fill your minds with melancholy gloom:
 In goodness may ye long, and bliss encrease,
 And barter love for love, and peace for peace;
 And when Heav'n calls you hence, for you may Fame
 On earth establish an undying name.
 May manners gentle in Antonio bear
 With love of Science, and of Arms a share;
 And may'st thou, fruitful in a generous race,
 Thy country, Anna, with thine offspring grace;
 Then, as Antonio, thou resemblest thine,
 So may their father in thy children shine;

And

And may the fame their noble deeds acquire
 Once more with Virtue's thirst Italia fire.
 Oh! may this Pine in clouds its summit hide,
 And stretch o'er every realm its branches wide;
 Ne'er may the East, or raving North assail
 Its top, or Winter's storm, or Summer's hail;
 But still its fruit in season may it lend,
 And still o'er all its verdant arms extend;
 Whilst ever joyous, nor of ills afraid,
 Its tuneful swans shall sing beneath its shade.

LA STRADA DELLA GLORIA;

OR,

The PATH of GLORY:

A DREAM.

NOW had light's gloomy enemy o'er all,
 With Fear and Silence, stretch'd her shadowy pall;
 On Nature's face, her hues had died away,
 And plough-men rested from the toils of day:
 While airy Dreams, which hover'd late on high,
 Borne on soft wings, descended from the sky;
 Sought ev'ry couch where weary mortals rest,
 And rous'd bright Fancy — sleeping in the breast.
 I, only I, awake to grief and care,
 May not great Nature's common bounty share;
 Still do I watch, pale Sorrow's victim still,
 Like the sick wretch, who knows not what to will.

D

At

At length Sleep came, his opiates to infuse,
 And sleep'd these eye-balls in Lethean dews;
 Quickly he cool'd my fiery throbbing brain,
 And, stealing downward, lull'd each sense of pain;
 Chain'd the strong pow'r which gives to think and know,
 And bade this soul it's energies forego.
 When thus, in me, had Grief his prey resign'd,
 Uprose this scene, in vision, to my mind:—
 Methought I stood within a spacious ground,
 With trees, in largest circle, compass'd round;
 Whose close-wove shades forbade the sultry heat
 To scorch the herbage in this cool retreat:
 There did I see a winding rivulet stray,
 Which call'd up pinks and violets in it's way.
 The banks, around which cast afar their light,
 Refulgent shone, with orient sapphire bright:
 So clear too was this brook, if e'er by chance
 On it, through opening leaves, the Sun might glance,
 Pure and serene, as *in* they first did go,
 His beams return'd, unsull'd, from below.
 On one side of this plain, a hill it's head
 Did raise, all cleft and ragged at it's bed;
 But, far above, where flow'rs and verdure grew,
 'Twas sweet to scent, and lovely to the view.
 High on the top, a gorgeous fane appear'd,
 On columns strong, of bright pyropus rear'd;
 If the fix'd eye e'er dared on this to gaze,
 Soon it return'd, defeated with the blaze.
 There too in numbers I beheld the race
 Whose virtues rais'd them to that heav'nly place;
 Whose souls magnanimous did Glory goad,
 And nobly urg'd them up the steepy road.
 Here one, whom difficulties nought dismay'd,
 Kindling within, the hard ascent essay'd;

And

And well he thriv'd, till to some point he came,
 Whence down again he dropp'd, with infamy and shame :
 Another here did to that fame aspire,
 With strength all equal to his great desire ;
 While clam'rous crouds oft tri'd t' arrest his flight,
 And gnaw'd their lips with envy and despite.
 And I too, whilst I view that glorious state
 Of souls so good, so fortunate and great,
 Burn with new thirst t' ascend with these thus high,
 And dare all dangers and all toils defy.

As the young lion, who beholds his sire
 Pour on some tiger his avenging ire,
 Feels in his breast that Sire's own courage glow,
 And longs t' have foughten with his father's foe ;
 Then roaring stalks, to meet him on his way,
 And licks his jaws all bloody from his prey ; —
 So I, with feet unequal to the task,
 Burn to surmount that hill ; nor stay to ask
 How many, stronger than myself, in vain
 Have tri'd, and tumbled lifeless on the plain.
 That youthful ardour, which inflames my breast,
 Allows my soul no longer now to rest,
 Or seek which path's the wisest and the best. }
 But who shall count the wrongs with which that crew,
 Who croud the basis of this hill, pursue
 All who attempt to scale the arduous site,
 And block their passage to that hop'd-for height ? —
 Ah, envious tribe ! whose wisdom only knows
 All that is great and god-like to oppose !
 Vain do ye seek that tranquil bliss to gain,
 Which Heav'n has promis'd a reward for pain,
 If all your purposes, and all your care,
 Are but to hinder those who nobly dare.

My steps I bend the rugged cliffs along;
 But, oh! what envious troops around me throng,
 And close me so on ev'ry side, that I,
 Wedg'd in the croud, believe that I shall die:
 Here some, with hopes to mortify my pride,
 Mock my ambition, and th' attempt deride;
 Whilst, as they pull me back with might amain,
 Some try to hurl me headlong to the plain:
 Others mine ears appal with savage howl;
 Or arch their eye-brows in tremendous frown;
 Whilst others on my face breathe out a smell
 As strong and noisome as the stench of Hell.
 These in my limbs infix their talons deep,
 Or gnaw my flesh, and still their hold they keep,
 Till all their faces, late of livid blue,
 And all their hands are stain'd one sanguine hue.
 Another here, whose pow'r can do no more,
 Seizes my foot; and if, to all before,
 New plagues he cannot add, he'll still contend
 At least the border of my robe to rend.
 I 'midst the malice of such num'rous foes,
 So firmly fix'd his passage to oppose
 Whose blameless life had never injur'd one;
 What could I do, abandon'd and alone?
 Now from my brows flow'd down the copious sweat,
 My bosom heav'd, and thick my heart did beat,
 My tatter'd robes hung loosely from my side,
 While scarce my bones the clotted gore did hide.
 Now had my ardour cool'd for want of pow'r,
 And I was yielding; when, in happiest hour,
 Lo, to assist me on the road to Fame,
 To me my venerable Master came.
 Him by his cheek, with studies pale, I know;
 By the fair honours of his ample brow,
 And all that dignifi'd him here below.

}
 On

On me he turn'd his well-known eye severe,
 Which still could awe me with accusom'd fear;
 And ever did, in life, my tongue controul,
 And sway'd the movements in my secret soul.
 Now from the midst of that accursed crew
 With envy fraught, a little he withdrew;
 Then, to me sinking, stretching out his hand,
 Fear not, my son! he cries; arise, and stand.
 His voice and aspect, to th' extreme points,
 A chilness darted through my trembling joints;
 Which soon he did perceive, and thus, to cheer
 My drooping heart, pronounc'd these accents dear;
 No more thy cheeks let silvery Terror pale,
 For still, to aid thee, shall this arm prevail.

Now, on my face the burning blush of shame
 Kindled; and, soon pervading all my frame,
 Dissolv'd those fluids, which so late had fears
 Congeal'd, and pour'd them in a flood of tears:
 Then said I: Sire, to kindness ever prone,
 If, since thou left'st me in this world alone,
 In thee I've lost a guardian and a friend,
 Whose skill might guide me, and whose strength defend;
 If be of wisdom all my little share
 "Fruit of your hand, and offspring of your care,"—
 Suffer, at least, these tears awhile to flow,
 And prove my deep sincerity of woe.
 Then he:—No fault, my son, with thee I find
 For grateful feelings of a gen'rous mind;
 But yet those tears, so tenderly profuse,
 Reserve, I pray thee, for some worthier use:
 And oh, lov'd youth! if e'er thou didst desire
 To stand with me amidst yon heav'nly choir,
 Of light celestial now this raiment take,
 And wear it nobly for thy master's sake.

Know

Know that the Temple, which on high you view,
 Is Glory's; wish'd by all, and won by few:
 If on that mount thou would'st repose, 'tis toil
 And blood must purchase thee so sweet a soil.
 Now up the steep with speed pursue thy way;
 But to thine heart this useful lesson lay,—
 That Courage, leagu'd with Wisdom, guards around
 The sacred precincts of that blissful ground:
 And know thou this, that none ere enter'd there,
 Save those who sense and virtue made their care;
 And by their val'rous acts superior rose
 Above the envy of a world of foes.
 There is that Grecian Bard, whose strain sublime
 Shall hand in glory to all future time
 The names of heroes, who proud Ilion gave
 To blaze, reflected, on the Egean wave;
 And there is Virgil, He, whose song did tell
 What great Æneas and his troops besel,
 And first did give to husbandmen to know
 The times of harvest and the times to sow:
 There is the matchless orator of Rome,
 And he who thunder'd through the Grecian dome;
 And there, from you disjoin'd by many an age,
 All who ennobled Rome's or Grecia's page;
 And there, who early in his youth began
 His march of glory, and victorious ran
 Through Greece, and then, lamenting his sad doom,
 Did weep in envy o'er Achilles' tomb:
 There is that Queen, amidst a warrior race,
 Who sever'd from its trunk the Persian's face,
 And deeply drench'd it in the sanguine bowl,
 And bade him satiate his blood-thirsty soul:
 There too 's the Theban, whose obstrusting shield,
 Could check fierce Sparta's rage on Leuctra's field;

And

And there the Youth, who Rome from it's alarms
 Releas'd, and carrying his victorious arms
 Through Spain and Afric, with decisive blow
 Subdu'd e'en Annibal, Rome's cradled foe:
 Whose name, with Canne's, still Italia fears;
 And his wide slaughters trembles when she hears.
 There, last to Jove the kingly spoils who bore,
 With Cæsar, Fabius, and ten thousand more,
 Whose names related would too much prolong,
 Or swell, to magnitude immense, the song.
 If in thy breast thou feel'st, like these, a flame,
 And burn'st to win thee an immortal fame,
 Hear and receive the lessons of a friend,
 And practise well the counsel that I lend.
 Beware, lest flying from the boisterous tide,
 You dash your bark against the rock's rough side;
 If prosperous winds should summon forth your sail,
 Unfurl not all your canvas to the gale:
 Let Fear and Spirit in your heart combine,
 Thus shall you stand where Prudence marks the line;
 And, that you may not wish one deed undone,
 Think with thyself before each deed's begun:
 The seeds I sow'd of honesty and truth
 Within thy bosom in thine early youth,
 Those seeds improve, and Time shall render plain
 What fruits from thence shall turn to thee again.
 Be not ambitious in thy speech to shew
 All that you've read, or all that you may know;
 Modest reserve in speaking oft prevails,
 Where learned babbling and much wisdom fails:
 Ne'er, in appearance, fools themselves despise,
 And silent hear the reasoning of the wise;
 Be not much griev'd the worthless should you see
 Bear off that palm which Justice ow'd to thee:

Learn

Learn where your strength is, your own failings scan,
 And know thyself immortal, yet a Man:
 To every work let prudent thought be giv'n,
 And leave the rest to fortune and to Heaven.
 He said; and, as my tongue to answer tries,
 I wake, and open my astonish'd eyes;
 My couch I quit, and find the lamp of day
 Almost appearing on the Eastern way;
 The Morn had left her aged lover's bed,
 And dy'd the Ocean with one crimson red.

L A P R I M A V E R A ;

O R,

S P R I N G.

NOW Spring in smiles, her veil undrawn,
 Displays her rosy cheek so fair,
 And decks with wreaths her flowing hair;
 The Zephyrs sweep the flowery lawn,
 Or steal along the branches bare;
 These too their buds return to invest;
 While every mead with herbs is dress'd,
 And Peace, sweet Peace alone, returns not to my breast.

Bright Phœbus from the mountain's brow
 Sends down in liquid floods the snow,
 And bids once more its shaggy side
 Stand out to view, in Nature's verdant pride:

And

And now the riv'let, murmuring as it goes,
Content within its margin flows;
And, while its stream no frosts restrain,
Adorns the banks with flowers—invigorates the plain.

The waving oaks, upon the hanging tops
Of Alpine cliffs, their fleet in drops
Shake from their venerable hair;
While, yet uninjur'd by the cruel share,
A thousand flowrets, quivering to the gale,
With rival beauties croud the lowly vale.

Once to revisit more
Her ancient, well-belov'd abode,
The swallow quits fair Egypt's shore,
And cuts her trackless, annual road;
Far across the mid-land Sea
She wings her heav'n-appointed way;
And, whilst her rapid flight she bends,
Marks not the net which Man suspends,
But onward cleaves the yielding air,
And eager flies along, to meet the fowler's snare.

With eye serene the rural last,
In love, now courts her watery glass,
And, bending o'er the lake below,
Teaches her beauteous tress to flow;
And now each Shepherd drives again
His flocks to graze the verdurous plain;
The strand no more the Fishers keep,
But venture far into the Deep;
And now the Traveller, intent to roam
Through foreign climes, forsakes his native home.

ast.

And

E

E'en

E'en that unhappy Pilot, who but late
 Return'd in shipwreck from the faithless wave,
 There destin'd but himself to save,
 And He scarce creeping from the jaws of Fate,
 The tranquil sea beholding from the shore
 Dares the deceitful element once more,
 Forgets the horrors that are past,
 And, still athirst for gold, adventures to the last.

Meanwhile thou, Laura, cruel Fair!
 Refus'st this piteous heart thine aid,
 Nor curest the wound which thou hast made,
 As if the pain you gave deserved not your care;
 But know thou this, if once I free
 My soul from wretchedness and thee,
 Ne'er shall these feet return again,
 To feel the torments of thy galling chain.

With wreath of verdant laurel crown'd,
 Oft have I made the golden strings resound
 With Laura's sweet, beloved name;
 But shouldst thou now thy flights prolong,
 I'll raise in hate the avenging song,
 And loud to all Love's injuries proclaim.

Ah! no, forgive these angry strains,
 And think that when thy Bard complains,
 'Tis but a sign, dear Maid, to prove
 How true, how tender is his love:
 Pardon me, Laura, if it be thy will;
 If it be not, despise me still;
 But whether scorn or prize you me,
 Yet am I, Laura, ever fond of thee.

L'ESTATE

L ' E S T A T E ;

O R ,

S U M M E R .

NOW Spring her riches yields no more ;
 Exhausted is her flowery store ;
 Summer again, exulting, dresses
 With spikes of corn her golden tresses ;
 With cheek that glows, and eye that purely burns,
 Laughing, to us the Goddess turns :
 Beneath her scorching rays the sand
 Bubbles and boils along the strand ;
 Not on Cyrene's plains with fiercer heat
 Her own meridian fervors beat.

Aurora now no longer strews
 O'er all her fields her gems of lustrous dew ;
 No longer now soft-stealing showers
 Revive the plants, or raise the drooping flowers :
 No more the fountains and the floods supply
 Kind moisture to the earth—in vain
 The thirsty soil expects the tardy rain,
 And gapes beneath a cloudless sky.

The beech, with dust discolour'd o'er,
 His leafy honours boasts no more,
 No more displays the verdant vest
 With which had May his branches dress'd ;
 Nor yet (ungrateful !) o'er his native ground
 Stretches he now his shade around,
 Nor from the Sun's exhaling beam
 Protects his greater friend—the sap-renewing stream.

The wearied Mower, from whose brow
 Fast doth the perspiration flow,
 And bathes his open chest, now sleeps
 Extended careless on the golden heaps,
 Which late his pow'rful arm had made
 To sink beneath the sickle's wasting blade:
 With gentle heart and ready hand,
 See at his side, the village maiden stand;
 With her own hat she drives the teasing flies,
 Or wipes the big drops from his sleeping eyes.

There weak and languid on the sun-burnt plain
 The faithful Dog too with his master lies;
 No longer now to bark he tries,
 No more endures his parched throat to strain;
 But drawing in the air with greedier lung,
 Quickly remits it to his lolling tongue.

The Bull, whom nymphs and shepherds lov'd to see
 Wetting his horns against the sturdy tree,
 And oft admir'd the fiery glow
 That urg'd him on to meet the hostile blow,
 Now lies upon the margin of the flood,
 And with his lowings fills the neighbouring wood;
 While ever and anon he casts his eye,
 Where some fair heifer lows responsive by.

The birds, whom raging beams deter,
 Listless, their wings no longer stir;
 To chirping grasshoppers the shady grove
 Sweet nightingales resign, and close the song of love:
 The aged snakes, in youthful colours gay,
 Round the bare trunks their wavy ringlets twine;
 And, bent in gold most gloriously to shine,
 Their gorgeous beauties to the Sun display.

E'en

E'en the mute tenants of the watery way
 At length now feel th' intolerable day;
 See, at their gills they own the powerful harm,
 And find their colder element grow warm;
 No more they quit their mossy caves,
 To wallow up and down the briny waves;
 Midst shelves and rocks they hide their heads,
 Or seek a shelter in their weedy beds.

Yet Summer's self is cool to me,
 If, Phillis, I may gaze on thee;
 Whene'er thy tender glance I meet,
 No more I feel th' oppressive heat:
 Lead me where Lybian deserts glow,
 Lead me to realms of polar snow,
 Yet still with thee no evil could I fear,
 Still am I blest'd if, Phillis, thou art near.

Yon mount, my fair, though scorch'd upon the brow
 By sultry Suns, with spreading hands
 And broad opposing shoulders stands
 To guard from burning rays the vale below:
 There from the summit of the hill
 Trickling descends the limpid rill,
 Whose waters diverse, as their course they take,
 At length united fall into a lake,
 And this, though small, with brighter green
 Arrays the meads, and beautifies the scene.

There shines the Sun with dubious light,
 As doth the Moon's pale lamp by night;
 Nor there upon the plains to feed,
 Their moaning flocks do shepherds lead;
 And if the Sun e'er enters there,
 Within the rivulet the gazer sees

The

The shadows of the restless trees
Dancing to th' inconstant air.

Thither, sweet love, together let us stray,
And there with songs beguile the day;
Through fear of ills in Fortune's pow'r,
Let us not lose the present hour;
For sure he doubles all his woes,
With eye too curious who goes
Fate to prevent, and learn what evils lie
Wrapp'd in the clouds of dark Futurity.

Let not the God of love deny
To us his sweets of social joy;
Then on this head her choicest store
Of ills, let adverse Fortune pour;
Yet how should Fortune's utmost rage
Afflict the soul, which asks not wealth,
Nor fears the season of decaying health,
Or all the miseries of decrepid age.

Then when this back enfeebling Age shall bow, *Time*
And strew these temples with his silvery snow,
Still will I strike the ill-according string,
And hoarsely still my amorous descant sing;
Then to that eye, which charm'd so oft before,
I'll sometimes turn, when sparkles it no more;
With clay-cold lips will kiss thy wither'd hand,
Wither'd, though now the fairest in the land.
Ye righteous Gods above, for ever blest!
From your pure mansions of eternal rest
Hear me, and grant in pity my desire;
Preserve me still my mistress and the lyre;
Then should Age lead me to my thousandth year,
Still shall my mistress and my lyre be dear.

I L P R I M O A M O R E ;

O R,

T H E F I R S T L O V E .

ALAS how true that from the breast,
Which once has felt Love's soft desire,
No Place can drive the pleasing guest,
No Time subdue the amorous fire.

Though oft it seems to die—by Pride,
By Hate, by Anger cover'd o'er—
'Tis but a flame which ashes hide,
And, thus conceal'd, it burns the more.

On these to tread scarce any fears,
Yet should one gentle gale come by,
Quickly revives, what dead appears,
And far to heav'n the blazes fly.

If chance e'er gives this eye to meet,
One moment's space, my beauteous foe,
I instant feel the subtle heat
Renew'd within my bosom glow :

I feel whate'er I've felt before;
I sigh, I tremble, faint, I die;
And oh! how greatly I adore
The death which comes from Laura's eye.

Nor only when I view thy face,
Laura, for thee my bosom burns;
Where'er I fly from place to place,
Thy loveliest image still returns.

Each

Each spot gives fuel to my flame ;
 There, do I say, I first did love ;
 There swore she by her own sweet name
 That she to me would constant prove.

These fields restore her cold disdain,
 And these inform me she was kind ;
 These give the sense of war and pain,
 And these of peace and bliss remind.

Nay, e'en the maids with whom I try
 For thee my passion to beguile,
 Make me to think, though they are by,
 That 'tis but thee I woo the while.

Sometimes I praise bright Lucy's grace,
 And sometimes Mira's flowing hair,
 Call this or that a beauteous face,
 Yet still but thee my heart owns fair.

O thou dear sovereign of that heart,
 Through whom to me was Love first known,
 Till I with life itself must part,
 I ne'er will love but thee alone.

How hard so-e'er my lot may be,
 I ne'er will of that lot complain,
 For sure 'tis good to sigh for thee,
 E'en though perhaps I sigh in vain.

L A L I B E R T A ;

O R,

L I B E R T Y.

THANKS to thine own perfidious wiles,
 At length I breathe in peace again,
 At length, in pity to my pain,
 Relenting Heav'n looks down on me, and smiles:
 Now roves my soul in freedom sure;
 I know its liberty secure;
 I dreamt of love and faith before—
 'Twas all a dream, but now I dream no more.

Cool'd is the fire I once did feel;
 So calm, so tranquil is my mind,
 Resentment there no place can find,
 To tell the passion Love would fain conceal:
 No more, of thee when any speak,
 The colour changes on my cheek,
 No more at sight of thee I sigh,
 Or flutter at my heart when thou art nigh.

Still do I sleep, and still I dream,
 But now no longer to my eyes
 In every dream dost thou arise;

I wake to thought, and thou art not the theme:
 Though far from thee my course I steer,
 No wish I feel to have thee near;
 Though with thee, yet canst thou bestow
 Nor good, nor ill, nor happiness nor woe.

No more love's soft emotions rise,
 Whilst I thine every charm run o'er;
 I think upon the wrongs I bore,

L A Yet new-born Anger in my bosom dies:

F

Though

Though thou approach, no tremors tell
 Within this heart what tumults dwell:
 Let others now their flame declare,
 It hurts not me if others think thee fair.

View me with looks of proud disdain;
 Use sweeter tones than ever hung
 On fond impassion'd Lover's tongue;
 Vain is thy scorn, and all thy favour vain:
 Those coral lips to me have lost
 That eloquence they once could boast;
 Within this breast those eyes now see
 No prison'd thought which struggles to be free.

To thee, that joy or grief is mine,
 No more I owe; that I am glad
 Is not thy gift; that I am sad
 Is now no fault, no injury of thine:
 The hills and woods to me are gay,
 Though, Laura, thou art far away;
 All that's unsightly to the view
 Can now delight no more, though seen with you.

Now hear the truth: I think thee fair;
 Beauteous to me thou still dost seem,
 But not as I was wont to dream,
 With thine on earth no beauty might compare:
 Let not my words thine ear offend,
 The form I thought not Heaven could mend
 Has some defect; and in thy face
 That now is blemish, which was once a grace.

My shame I own: as from my side
 I pluck'd the deep ingrafted dart,
 I fear'd it would have broke my heart;
 Such pain I felt, I deem'd I should have died:

But

But to throw off oppression's load,
 And blunt the numerous slings that goad
 A Lover's soul, and back recall
 Lost Liberty, who would not suffer all ?

The bird, that treads the viscous spray
 Laid with the fowler's nicest care,
 May leave some feathers in the snare,
 But still at large she wings her easy way :
 Her rifled pinion soon resumes
 The glories of its gaudy plumes ;
 And she, by sad experience taught,
 With arts of fowlers can no more be caught.

I know thou think'st me pris'oner still,
 I know thou think'st e'en now my breast
 With all its former fire possess'd,
 So oft I boast the freedom of my will ;
 Who doth not dangers past explore,
 And dwell on Wounds that wound no more ?
 'Tis Nature's instinct bids me say
 I now am free, and Nature I obey.

Now, as I view them from a-far,
 I tell the woes I once endur'd ;
 E'en so, to scenes of death inur'd,
 The victor warrior shews his glorious scar ;
 And so the Slave, escap'd from pain,
 Exulting shews the galling chain ;
 Sparkling his eyes those fetters see,
 Which once he dragg'd, and prove that he is free.

I speak, though thou art far away ;
 Yet not, as once, I wish thee near,
 What-e'er it be I speak, to hear ;
 Nor care I if thou credit what I say :

I speak not now but ill at ease,
 Anxious to know if thee I please;
 Nor, if on me thou talk'st, do I
 Ask if thou dost it with a rising sigh.

A treacherous maid I leave behind,
 And thou dost lose a lover true;
 I know not of the hapless two
 Which first a comfort in his loss shall find:
 But this I know, so much of truth
 Laura shall never find in youth;
 Whilst I might gain in many a place
 A nymph as faithless with as fair a face.

L A P A R T E N Z A;

O R,

T H E A D I E U.

O H cruel hour that bids us part,
 My Laura, and my life adieu!
 How shall I live so far from you,
 Thou first and dearest treasure of my heart?
 Oh I shall live in ceaseless pain,
 Nor hope for happiness again;
 And thou, while cleaves this soul to thee,
 Who knows if ever thou will think on me!
 After that peace, no longer mine,
 Which thou bear'st with thee on thy way,
 Suffer at least fond thought to stray,
 And, where thou tread'st, to follow on the line:
 Where-e'er thou goest, sweet maid, must I
 In still-pursuing thought be nigh;

And

And thou, while cleaves this soul to thee,
Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me!

My steps, on distant shores to rove,
I turn, all pensive and alone;

There will I make my plaintive moan
And ask the rocks where dwells the Maid I love:

Still in the East while lights his flame

The Sun, I'll call upon thy name

From hour to hour; but ah! for thee,

Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me!

Oft shall I tread with footsteps due

Each pleasant field and fairy ground,

Where late such happiness I found,

For, loveliest Laura, there I stray'd with you:

A hundred ways this heart to sting,

How many thoughts shall memory bring;

But ah! while memory dwells on thee,

Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me!

There shall I say, where lifts its wave

Yon fount, she kindled with disdain;

And there, to bid me live again,

In sign of peace her lily hand she gave:

On hope I fed one moment there,

The next I languish'd in despair;

Thus shall I say; but ah! for thee,

Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me!

Where now thou goest, fair nymph, to dwell,

How many an ardent, wily Youth

Shall press around to proffer truth,

And tales of sweetest, tenderest love to tell!

Oh, Gods! who knows amidst such feints,

Such gentle homage, soft complaints,

Oh, Gods! while cleaves this soul to thee,

Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me!

Think

Think on the pleasing, painful dart
 Thou leav'st, my life, within this breast;
 Think, without prospect to be blest,
 I lov'd thee, dearest Virgin from my heart:
 Think on that cruel, hard adieu,
 Which tears me from my bliss and you;
 But ah! why say I *think* to thee,
 Who knows if ever thou wilt think on me!

L A P R I M A V E R A ;

O R,

S P R I N G.

O H heavens! what verdure clothes the various soils!
 How every wood resumes its leafy spoils!
 The Breeze I hate (Spring's harbinger) again
 Returns to wanton on the flowery plain;
 Its softest voice on me like thunder falls,
 For thee, Phileno, to the field it calls:
 And thou, Irene, when thy Love is gone,
 How shalt thou dwell forsaken and alone;
 Where shalt thou find, unequal'd wretch, the power
 To bear with patience each distressful hour?
 Ye gales, in pity to a Lover's woe,
 Do not so warmly and so gently blow;
 Grant me, ye plants, oh grant this little boon,
 Unfold not thus your tender buds so soon!
 How many pangs doth every wind that blows
 Give to this breast, and every plant that grows!
 But who, with heart unknowing how to feel,
 An instrument of Death from harmless steel

Could

Could first devise? what cursed soul first made
 War but a science, murder but a trade?
 Ne'er had he felt, who-e'er that wretch could be,
 One soft sensation—never lov'd like me!
 What rage and madness to prefer the frights
 Of War with misery to Love's delights!
 Let not vain glory with her specious charms
 Seduce Phileno from a Lover's arms:
 If War delight thee, Love may claim thine heart,
 For every Lover's is a warrior's part;
 Love must, like War, endure both heat and cold,
 And needs, like War, the experienc'd and the bold:
 In all that fight can give the Lover shares;
 Love has its sieges, ambuscades and snares,
 Attacks, defences, flights, pursuits, retreats,
 Peace, anger, truces, triumphs and defeats:
 But oh! how soon a Lover's anger goes,
 How sweet the peace a Lover's bosom knows!
 Nor yet Love's palm to one alone is due;
 It glads the victor and the vanquish'd too;
 And e'en its cares—alas, what is 't I hear?
 Oh how that trumpet chills my heart with fear!
 That sound, Phileno, summons thee away—
 And dost thou fly? ungrateful Lover, stay:
 No: I'll not rob thee of thy fame—bestow
 But one kind look, and then I'll bid thee go.
 Thou all I love, or rather what alone
 I love, preserve my life within thine own;
 Go, and my spouse return, if Fate allows,
 But oh! restore me a victorious spouse:
 Forget not sometimes, where-so-e'er you be,
 To think what sorrows I shall feel for thee;
 And sometimes say, "who knows if Heav'n doth give
 The fond Irene yet on earth to live!"

CON-

S O N N E T S.

F I R S T,

To the R O S E.

PURE virgin Rose, whose fair unfullied flower
Aurora fondly nurs't with morning dew,
While the soft breezes of her earliest hour
Gave thy young bud to blush with crimson hue.

Fain would the hand, which rear'd thee from the ground,
Transplant thee safely on some heav'nly shore,
Where freed from thorns you here, unworthy, bore,
Thy better part alone might breath its sweets around.

There in full beauty shouldst thou ever last,
The slave no more to Winter's angry blast,
To Cold or Rain—no longer made the sport
Of seasons such as ours, so fickle and so short:

Thus might'st thou, plac'd beneath the guardian care
Of one more kind, Time's ravages repair;
And thus unite, uninjur'd by alarms,
Eternal fragrance with eternal charms.

S E C O N D,

To F O R T U N E.

INCONSTANT Goddess, what can thee incline
To strew with thorns whatever path I take?
Hop'st thou that I, whene'er thou frown'st, may shake,
Or thy loose * tresses labour to confine?

With

* To hold Fortune by the hair is, among the Italians, a proverbial expression for thriving in the world.

With threats like these the dastard wretch appal,
 Whose coward heart thy fickleft nods control;
 I, should the world in headlong ruin fall,
 Fearless could see the mighty fabric roll.

'Tis no new contest calls us to the field;
 Oft have we fought, as thy defeats can shew;
 And well thou know'st, the more to make me yield
 Thy wrath was bent, the stronger did I grow:

Thus when the heavy sledge, with useless war,
 Descends in vengeance on the massy bar,
 Such blows and injuries but aid the wheel
 To give new lustre to the burnish'd steel.

T H I R D,

METASTASIO, *to his own POEMS.*

U N J U S T is Heav'n to you and me, my Song;
 For bitter is my lot, and sweet is thine;
 All the rewards to thee alone belong,
 Yet all the labour and the toil was mine.

Laura, whose eye but for a moment stays
 With *me*, for hours on *thee* delights to gaze;
 Thro' *thee* that breast a thousand raptures knows,
 Where ne'er through *me* one soft emotion rose.

Thine she conceives, my meaning calls obscure;
 With her *thou* 'rt ever, and but seldom *I*;
 Scarce can her soul my tiresome love endure;
 So sweet is thine, with pity could she die.

She would that I should write, and yet my strain,
 (As if already I too little pain
 From them had suffer'd) to my rivals She
 Applies, and bids them learn to woo from me.

ERRATUM.—In line 18, page 43, for—And dwell on *bills*,
 read,—And dwell on *ills*.

A circular ink stamp from the British Museum. The words "BRITISH" and "MUSEUM" are curved along the top and bottom inner edges of the circle, respectively. In the center of the circle, the number "9 N070" is printed in a bold, sans-serif font. The stamp is slightly tilted and has a slightly irregular, hand-stamped appearance.



